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DIRECTORY.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Baptist—have services first Sunday and Sunday evening in every month and Saturday night preceding. W. P. Barrett, pastor.
M. E. Church South—Services first Sunday in every month. W. W. Cook, pastor.
Union Sunday School every Sunday morning at half past eight o'clock.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

CIRCUIT COURT.

Hon. James Stewart, Judge, Owensboro.
A. L. Morris, Clerk, Hartford.
E. R. Murrell, Master Commissioner, Hartford.
C. W. Phillips, Sheriff, Hartford.
G. W. Hanger, Hartford, S. P. Taylor, Receiver.
D. H. Cooper, Fardville, S. L. Fulkerson, Hogg's Falls.
Court begins second Mondays in May and November, and continues three weeks each term.

CRIMINAL COURT.

Hon. J. A. Murray, Judge, Owensboro.
Hon. Joseph Haycraft, Attorney, Owensboro.
F. L. Wise, Jailer, Hartford.
Court begins on first Mondays in April and October and continues three weeks each term.

COUNTY COURT.

Hon. W. F. Gregory, Judge, Hartford.
Capt. Sam. C. Cox, Clerk, Hartford.
J. P. Sandefar, Attorney, Hartford.
Court begins on the first Monday in every month.

QUARTERLY COURT.

Begin on the 3rd Mondays in January, April, July and October.
Begin on the 1st Mondays in January and October.

COURT OF CLAIMS.

OTHER COUNTY OFFICERS.

J. J. Leach, Assessor, Cromwell.
J. Smith Fitzhugh, Surveyor, Sulphur Springs.
Thos. H. Russell, Coroner, Sulphur Springs.
H. P. Howe, School Commissioner, Hartford.

MAJESTY'S COURTS.

COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 1.		May	June	Sept	Dec
K. E. Thilfer	1	2	1	4	5
P. H. Alfard	2	1	1	4	5
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 2.					
A. N. Brown	25	26	27	28	29
D. J. Wilcox	29	27	27	27	28
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 3.					
A. T. Cullen	27	25	25	25	26
W. P. Reader	27	25	25	25	26
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 4.					
E. N. Newton	18	18	18	18	19
S. Woodward	18	18	18	18	19
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 5.					
J. L. Burton	8	8	8	8	11
O. W. Cobb	8	8	8	8	11
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 6.					
C. S. McElroy	12	12	12	12	13
James Miller	12	12	12	12	13
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 7.					
A. B. Perdue	19	19	19	19	21
John P. Cooper	19	19	19	19	21
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 8.					
Michael Taylor	20	20	20	20	21
Samuel Austin	20	20	20	20	21
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 9.					
John M. Leach	22	22	22	22	23
T. L. Allen	22	22	22	22	23
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 10.					
John A. Duggan	6	6	6	6	7
J. W. Yates	6	6	6	6	7
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 11.					
W. H. Cummins	15	15	15	15	16

CONSTABLES.

A list of the Constables of Ohio County as per their Post Office address:
CANBY DISTRICT—NO. 1.
W. W. Erell, Rosine.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 2.
Isaac Brown, Rockport.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 3.
J. M. Cassiber, Cereola.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 4.
Ed. Chas. Hartford.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 5.
J. L. Harter, Fardville.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 6.
Vasent.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 7.
W. L. Madison, Beaver Dam.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 8.
R. E. Hedges, Cromwell.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 9.
Cris Allen, Hartford.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 10.
Vasent.
COUNTY DISTRICTS—NO. 11.
Vasent.

POLICE COURTS.

Hartford—P. P. Morgan, Judge, second Monday in January, April, July and October.
Charles Griffin, Marshal.
Beaver Dam—E. W. Cooper, Judge, first Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Thomas Starnes, Marshal.
Cromwell—A. T. Montague, Judge, second Saturday in January, April, July and October.
Jas. W. Daniel, Marshal.
Cereola—W. D. Barnard, Judge, last Saturday in March, June, September and December.
Daniel Tichenor, Marshal.
Hamilton—J. W. Leaskford, Judge, post office address Melbury, courts held third Saturday in January, April, July and October.
A. J. Carman, Marshal, post-office address Melbury.
Rockport—James Tinsley, Judge, Marshall Williams, Marshal, courts held first Wednesday in January, April, July and October.

LODGE MEETINGS.

A. Y. M.

HARTFORD LODGE, NO. 156.
Meets third Monday night in each month. W. H. MOORE, W. M. Feety.

R. A. M.

KEYSTONE CHAPTER, NO. 110.
Meets second Monday night in each month. M. E. W. H. MOORE, H. P. Comp. H. WEISSNER, Sec.

I. O. O. F.

HARTFORD LODGE No. 158.
Meets in Taylor Hall, in Hartford, Ky., on the Second and Fourth Saturday evening in each month. The fraternity are cordially invited to visit us when convenient for them to do so.

I. O. G. T.

HARTFORD LODGE No. 12.
Meets in Taylor Hall, Hartford, Ky., every Thursday evening. A cordial invitation is extended to members of the Order to visit us, and all such will be made welcome.

B. P. BRYAN, W. C. T. U.

Mrs. ANNIE BRYAN, W. Sec.
G. E. WILLIAMS, I. D.

THE HARTFORD HERALD.

"I COME, THE HERALD OF A NOISY WORLD, THE NEWS OF ALL NATIONS LUMBERING AT MY BACK."

VOL. 3.

HARTFORD, OHIO COUNTY, KY., MARCH 21, 1877.

NO. 11.

MODERN SUPERSTITION.

BY VERITAS.

Notwithstanding the advancement and enlightenment of modern times, there is still a vast amount of superstition in the minds of the people. It is astonishing to see how readily, many place confidence in that which seems to be mysterious, and some persons have very little confidence in the usefulness of anything they can understand. And with such persons, you lessen their respect for a subject or principle, in proportion to the clearness in which you explain it. The eagerness with which the mysterious is sought and grasped, though it may be contrary to all reason or common sense principles, seems to justify the often repeated adage, that "the world loves to be humbugged." Superstitions pervade many of the important business pursuits of life; standing directly in the way of a sensible and successful prosecution of these pursuits. Agriculture is trammelled and manacled, and scientific investigation choked down, by notions born and nurtured in ignorance. Sensible men—men capable of scientific investigation—look to the moon to learn when to plant their crops, build their fences, cover houses and operate upon their stock. All the known influence that the moon exerts upon the earth is through the power of attraction. But this is uniform, does not increase and diminish with the changes of the moon and hence, favorable and unfavorable seasons can not arise therefrom. The change of the moon is nothing more than the increasing or diminishing quantity of the sun's rays radiating upon our part of the Earth, caused by the relative position of Earth, moon and sun. To suppose that, because the rays of light from the moon are being diminished, it is the best time to plant crops that grow beneath the surface of the ground and crops that grow above the surface, should be planted when the light is increasing, is simply superstitious. Equally so is the notion that a fence built in the increase of the moon will sink deeper into the ground than it would if built in the decrease, or more favorable for the healing of wounds on stock than some other. The influence of the moon upon the Earth, through its attraction, (the only way it affects the Earth), is the same all the time.

Another subject about which there is much superstition is that of fortune telling. Persons travel miles, and pay their money to learn something about future events. But, if such persons would reflect a moment, they surely would know that these fortune tellers can not know any more about the future than they do themselves. God only knows the future. And no one has ever been able to predict the future of a human being certainly, unless God revealed it to him. But no one pretends that these fortune tellers are inspired. And there is no other way by which to learn what they pretend to tell. When God inspired persons to speak to their fellows about their future, he gave them something more important to talk about, than the height, color of eyes, hair, &c., of a husband or wife. To talk about the shuffling of cards, turning of cups, or the numbering over of clovers and unmeaning sentences revealing the future, is simply a burlesque upon common sense.

On a level with the foregoing, is modern faith doctoring. Many good people are ready to lift their hands in holy horror at the slightest disparaging remark upon this subject. Many have for these faith doctors, a sort of holy reverence and to express a want of confidence in their ability, is regarded, by such, as sacrilegious. If these men do what they profess to do—and what many of them believe they do—remove disease without the use of means—they perform miracles. But, can they do this? They themselves, say no. They make no such pretensions. And yet, if they do what many think they do, and that they themselves try to do, it is really a miracle. Sometimes the friends of faith doctors tell us they can perform miracles, and refer to the Bible to sustain it. Those who cured disease without the use of means referred to in the Bible, gave God credit of the cure—admitted the cure to be supernatural—a miracle. God gave men whom he inspired to speak his word, the power to perform miracles in attestation of the truth they uttered. But with the establishment of the will of God, the necessity for miracles ceased, and the power to perform them is now withheld. The superstitious looking to faith doctors for help, is often more than a foolish waste of time. Disease action that might, with the use of appropriate means, be stopped, is suffered to go beyond control, and serious injury or death may be the result. To the superstitious reverence of many persons upon this subject, there seems not to be nearly any bounds. Take this case as illustrative of the subject: A Baptist preacher of Ohio county, called to see a neighbor's child, badly burned a few hours before. In answer to his inquiry, as to how much the child was burned, the mother removed the covering so that he could see. He looked and went away. In a short time the father of the child called on this preacher and requested

him to try for the pulse on his wife's shoulder, saying to him also: "You cured the child; it never feared another bit after you looked at it." He answered, "I did nothing at all." But said the father, "do not use talking that way, we know you did, and we think a bird that can sing and won't sing should be made to sing." Finally, after much expostulation, to get rid of the man, and thinking that would end the subject, the preacher said: "Oh, I can do as much for your wife's shoulder as I did for the child." The man was satisfied and left. But to the preacher's great astonishment, in a few weeks a good sister in his neighborhood called on him, saying: "You cured that burned child and the pain in its mother's shoulder, now I want you to try for this swelling on my neck." This only showed how strongly the minds of the people are inclined to superstition—Look what grew out of the little coincidence of the cessation of pain about the time that preacher looked at the burned child. Some of his neighbor's think him unkind and ungenerous that he does not publicly proclaim himself a faith doctor.

Some persons would be shocked at the carrying of a hoe or spade into the house. It indicates grave digging. Bad luck to see the new moon the first time, through brush, or over the left shoulder. Persons are troubled by many such foolish things as these. All such notions have their origin in superstition.

ISLAND STATION, 1877.

A Bottomless Pit Near Bowling Green.

[Correspondent New York World.]

Fourteen miles Southeast of Bowling Green, Ky., is a cavern more extraordinary and wonderful than the Mammoth Cave. The entrance to this most mysterious pit is on the front of a perpendicular height, made almost inaccessible by vines, brambles and densely growing locust trees. Transverse enters Drake's creek just above the strange aperture to unknown depth and impenetrable darkness below. This adytum is ten feet long and four feet wide, and the chasm seems to yawn, and its great mouth is horrible to contemplate. Rude people in the vicinity call it "Hell's Hole," or the "Indian's Pit."

From the measureless abyss there issues, ceaseless as the lapse of hours, and days, and years, a volume of mist. On cold, clear, frosty mornings, it rises in spiral columns far above the treetops, and, whirling as it ascends, and gleaming in the sunlight, it floats away and is lost in the clouds. At some unknown period in the world's history mother earth breathed heavily, and great bowlders, worn round and smooth as if ground by friction when upheld by currents of air, and falling back again and again, lit up and rumbled by other stones, cover the hillside and have rolled from the cavern's mouth into the valley below.

People living near by tell that in Fall and winter the heavy stentorian breathings from the cavern are much warmer than sharp blasts sweeping along the deep gorge, while in Summer the misty vapor from within is cooler than the external atmosphere. This faithless pit grows wider in its downward course, and nothing living or inanimate that has entered ever found exit. Not the faintest echo was ever heard when great stones have been rolled into the awful depth of this cavernous Avernus. If such massive bowlders had encountered any object within miles of the entrance the sound produced would have been surely borne to listeners above by the strong, steady air-current.

The impression fixed from childhood to age, that the solid earth must be forever immovable as the sun and stars and blue vault above our heads, is surely shaken when one stands in the presence of such demonstrative hollowness and emptiness as this. Very much the same sensations are excited when standing at the pit's mouth as when an earthquake shakes land and sea and makes men and women shudder. When, not long ago, it was sought to ascertain the depth, of the chasm, a heavy weight was attached to a strong cord, the lead went down, down, down, till the line and plummet had measured the greatest possible depth, but no sound came back to tell of the end of utterable hollowness below. The weight, when withdrawn, was unmoiled, and by the moisture on its surface showed that in its descent and ascent it touched nothing but mist and darkness. The very hollowness of life and its evanescence pleasures are almost illustrated in physical facts discovered everywhere in Kentucky and Tennessee.

Should Take the Local Paper.

Every farmer, who can afford to do so, ought to take three or four papers, in order to supply the family with plenty to read. Next to something to eat and wear a man wants something to read. First on the list comes the local paper. No family can be prosperous, contented and happy without it. They are all interested in knowing what their neighbors are doing. A man hasn't time and can't afford to stop work and come to town one day in the week to find out what the news is. He must rely upon those who make it their business to run around, collect and print local gossip.

AD. LAURENCE'S RIDE.

The early history of Texas is full of thrilling incidents. The settlers of that State had to risk life almost daily. The frontier was the scene of danger, and deeds of daring were as familiar as household words to those unfortunates who lived on the border line between advancing civilization and retreating savagism.

In after life, when their courage and industry had surrounded them with cultivated fields and vast herds of cattle, they would tell of the dangers incident to their early days on the frontier. One such tale we recently read in a book made up of anecdotes and stories of life in Texas.

Adam Laurence settled in Texas, near the head water of the Trinity River. In the summer of 1832, he, with three other men, went out on the prairies to catch mustangs.

In those days, wild horses, or mustangs, frequented the vast plains of uninhabited Texas, and their capture was one of the sports of the frontier. It was also profitable hunting. A few expert riders, mounted upon strong and fleet horses, would go out a day's mustanging, and return with a score of wild horses. Each rider carried a strong lasso. On discovering a herd of mustangs, the hunters would carefully approach to within a short distance of them. Then making a dash, each man would throw his lasso over the neck of a mustang. The contest was sharp and exciting, but after half an hour's battle of pulling and hauling, the buster would generally conquer.

Ad. Laurence, as he was called, and his companions, had ridden ten miles on the prairie. Suddenly they discovered a herd of mustangs feeding, a mile or so distant. Cautionally they approached the horses, about one hundred in number, who showed no signs of fear. Ad. noticed this singular fact, and was remarking it to his companions, when suddenly by each pony up sprang an Indian. At a jump they mounted and rode for the hunters, coiling their lances as they rode.

There was no time for concealment. The hunters made a straight shoot for the nearest settlement, about ten miles off. For the first three miles the hunters held their own, and even gained a little on their pursuers. Then the Indian ponies began to show their bottom.

"I tell you," said Ad., in narrating the adventure, "you have no idea how much an Indian can get out of these mustangs. Instead of being a weight to them, they seem to help them along, and they keep up such a powerful yelling, 'pears like you might have heard them to Red river.'"

Suddenly the Indians divided, the half striking off to the left. The hunters found out the reason, as they came to the bank of a deep ravine, up which, as it could not be crossed, they must go. The Indians knew every inch of the ground, and while one party made straight for the head of the ravine, the other struck in below the hunters, to cut them off in that direction.

"Twas no use talking, said Ad., 'we had to ride about a quarter of a mile to the left, right in their very faces, and head that branch. My nag was still tolerably fresh. The others were beginning to blow right smartly. I rode fast enough to keep the lead. I didn't care particularly about getting off, without knowing what became of my companions.'"

"Just as I came to the head of the hollow, the Indians were within about one hundred yards, and yelling awfully. They thought they had us sure. I gave my mare the rein and just touched her with the spur, and turned the corner with about fifty arrows whizzing about my ears. One struck in my buckskin jacket, and one entered my mare's neck; you may believe she did not go any slower for that. For awhile I thought she cleared about twenty feet at a jump. Soon as I got headed right again, I looked around to see what had become of the others.

"One look showed me. They were all down. About half the red-skins had stopped to finish them, and the others were coming for me. I felt kind of dizzy for a minute. Then I straightened up, and determined to get away if I could."

"I hadn't much fear, if I didn't have to head another branch. I could see the timber of Trinity river three miles away, and I gave my mare her own head. She had been powerful badly scared, and had been working too hard, and she was putting a good deal.

"I managed to pull out the arrow which was sticking in her neck. Then I worked off my heavy buckskin coat, which was dripping with an arrow sticking in it, catching a good deal of wind, and threw it away. I kept on about a mile further, without gaining or losing much. Then I made up my mind to stop and let my nag blow a little, because I knew if I didn't she could not hold up much longer. So I pulled up and alighted, and looked around. Seemed as if the whole country was alive with redskins. About forty in a bunch, a few hundred yards behind, and one not a hundred yards off.

could breathe good, took my bridle in my left hand, and pulled my butcher-knife into my right. It was the only weapon I had, for I had dropped my rifle when I got dizzy.

"The Indian was game. He never stopped until he got within ten feet of me. Then he jumped off, and came at me with a long knife like mine.

"There wasn't time for a long fight. I had made my calculations, and he was too sure he had me. I made one blow, and left him lying there. I heard an awful howl from the others.

"I pulled off my heavy boots, tightened my girths, and mounted. A few minutes more, and I struck the timber of the Trinity, and made the best of my way through it to the river.

"I knew that for miles up and down the banks were bluffs, and fifteen or twenty feet high. Where I struck the river they were about fifteen. If my mare wouldn't take the leap, I had to do without her. She stopped an instant, snorted once or twice, but bearing the savage yell close behind her took the jump.

"Down we went, plump into the water. We both went under; then she arose and struck out for the opposite bank, with me on her back. Poor creature! she got two-thirds across, and then gave out with a groan. I tell you I fairly loved that animal that moment, and hated to leave her as bad as it she had been human.

"I swam the rest of the way, and crawled out on the bank pretty well used up. But I was safe. I saw the bowling, disappointed savages come to the bluff. But not one of them dared take the leap, and the distance was too great for them to shoot. I rested awhile, and then made my way to the settlement.

Jas. Young Brown's Speech—Its Effect.

[Washington Special to Cincinnati Enquirer.]

The debate was conspicuous in its absolute partisan feeling. The Radicals harped on the string of sweet melody to them—the Tribunal's decision. Tim dragged slowly along and the ten-minute speeches were born of no imagery to enchant the most attentive auditor. The hour for its close was drawing nigh when the dull monotone gave way to the fervid, burning eloquence of John Young Brown of Kentucky. It is seldom the young Kentuckian forces his eloquent voice upon the House. He did it to-day in a manner which recalls the scene when he heaped the vials of his virtuous indignation on the Bench unfortunately let loose from Massachusetts to play the dapper clown in the next Congress. In the ten minutes allotted to him, he wasted no idle words. The first word he uttered was pitched in a key which gave the signal that logic, and not noise, was to fill the chamber. His language was a gem of epigrammatic, jeweled sentences—burning indignation, scorching denunciation. He accepted the situation, but repudiated the Commission. He charged that party zeal had prevailed where wisdom and justice were expected. His allusions to the Congressional representation on the Commission were as light as air in comparison with the withering scorn he heaped upon the judicial branch, recalling from his log the names of those who had soiled the ermine of the bench, and had gone down to posterity in infamy. He anticipated the time in the near future when the names of Miller, Strong and Bradley would figure in history no less degraded. Alluding to the popular belief that the South had accepted overtures from the conspirators and made terms with them, he disclaimed the charge, adding with an swell of the deepest emotion, "that any Southern man who accepted a trust at the hands of the usurper would be a political Pariah in his own country, and without following in his country." Then facing the Democrats, he said: "Be patient, be moderate, be prudent. We can accept defeat; we can not accept dishonor."

The magic of his voice was electrical. Confusion instantly hushed into a silence. Garfield sat through it like a stone; no shame for him too heavy to bear. But Hoar writhed under the heavy exhortation. His pale face flushed, and his usually pallid cheeks were turned to scarlet.

Keep Your Agreements.

One reason why many people do not get along in the world is because they cannot be depended upon. They do not keep their agreements. When they are weighed in the balance of actual affairs they are too often found wanting. They are seldom on time. The workman who is always on hand at the appointed time, and place, and does his work according to agreement, is sure to get along. To a young mechanic, starting in life, the habit of promptness and punctuality is worth more than a thousand dollars cash capital—though a thousand dollars is not to be despised. The trustworthiness of the faithful workman produces money; but the untrustworthiness of the unfaithful one causes him to lose money.

This is an ever-lasting principle. He who would be permanently prosperous must keep his agreements.

How small a portion of our lives is that we truly enjoy. In youth we are looking for things that are to come. In old age we look backward to things that are past.

DIED OF A LAWSUIT.

The Diary of an Exhausted Litigant.

[Hartford Conant.]

A tattered memorandum book was recently found on the steps of a very humble dwelling "out west." Some of the entries are as follows:

"My father had a slight misunderstanding with a neighbor about a division fence, which he had inherited from my grandfather. After several disputes he consulted a lawyer, who had a good many children, but little practice. This was fatal. A suit was commenced.

"Several years ago my lawyer said I must get ready for the trial. I did so, and went to court every term. But it was postponed on every pretense which human ingenuity could invent.

"1870. March term—Counsel for defendant moved for continuance, because he was engaged in the Common Pleas Court. Court granted the motion but intimated with great dignity that such an excuse would not avail with him again.

"September term—Counsel trying a case in adjoining county. Judge hesitated, but yielded.

"December term—Defendant ill. Proved by the certificate of a respectable physician.

"1872. March term—Counsel has made an engagement to meet a client from New York, who could not conveniently leave his business again. Continued, the judge suggesting that New York clients might find counsel nearer home.

"1873. September term—Carried the title deeds to my lawyer. Surveyor examined the premises, said the delinquent encroached upon me. But another surveyor, (partner and pupil of the first one) said that my deed spoke of a hackmatack stump in the line of the fence, a foot in diameter; whereas the only tree any where in the fence was a pepperidge tree not more than seven inches and a half across; case postponed to employ other surveyors.

"December term—Counsel agreed that Court might visit premises in dispute. Judge agreed to go, provided that nobody went with them to explain and confuse. Next morning a heavy snow fell, and boundaries were covered. Case continued.

"1864. September term—Motion to postpone on the ground that defendant's attorney wished to be absent hunting a few days. Motion prevailed. I remonstrated, but my counsel said that lawyers were very accommodating gentlemen, and the courtesies of the bar required it.

"1875. March term—One of the jurors taken sick. Motion to go on with the trial with eleven jurors. Defendant's counsel objected with great strength of voice, and demanded a full jury trial pure and simple. I think he called it the 'paladium of our liberties.' Case postponed.

"September term—Received a bill for retainers, term fees, clerk's fees, and expenses. One item was for the amount of a retainer which my lawyer had declined from the defendant. Offered him the farm, provided I gained the case. He said this would not be deemed honorable practice, but he would take it and give me credit as far as it went.

"Took the cars for the west coming mostly on freight trains and after night-fall.

"Mem.—Don't forget inscription for tombstone—Here lies one who died of a lawsuit hequaled by his father."

A Tribute to Women.

We have seen many beautiful tributes to lovely women, but the following is the finest we ever read:

"Place her among flowers, foster her as a tender plant, and she is a thing of fancy, waywardness and folly; annoyed by a dewdrop, fretted by the touch of a butterfly's wing, ready to faint at the sound of a lutele or the rattling of a window pane at night, and she is overpowered by the perfume of the rosebud. But the real calamity comes, rouses her affections, enkindles the fire of her heart, and mark her then! Place her in the heart of the battle, give her a child, a bird, or anything to protect—and see her in a relative instance, lifting her white arms as a shield, as her own blood crimson her upturned forehead, praying for her life to protect the helpless. Transplant her in the dark places of the earth, cut forth her energies to action, and her breath becomes a healing, her presence a blessing. She disputes, inch by inch, the strides of a stalking pestilence, when man the strong and brave, pale and affrighted, shrinks away. Misfortune hanties her not, she wears away a life of silent endurance, and goes forward with less timidity than to her burial. In prosperity she is but full of colors, waiting but for the wind of adversity to scatter them abroad—gold, valuable, but untied in the furnace. In short, woman is a miracle, a mystery, the center from which radiates the charms of existence."

Winter-kept apples, a clouded meadow, a vase around which the scent of the roses still lingers, all these have rare, evanescent flavor that suggest but cannot express the charms of the widow. A young widow is, perhaps, the most interesting object in nature—or art. She represents experience without its wrinkles or its gray hairs. She has narrowly beauty and maidenly freedom combined. She is grief with a laughing eye—sorrow in a house of festal—a silver mood in sable clouds. She is too sweet for anything. Like all good things, she can only be created at a great sacrifice.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 Week	2 Weeks	1
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